LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY. AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECREET," "FALLEN AMONG THIEVES" "MY LADY FANTAS-TICAL" AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER II.-CONTINUED. The appeal was successful. The wounded man raised himself painfully on his arm, and Grey, quickly seizing the opportunity, led the horse to him and helped him to the saddle; then, lightly springing behind him,

they reached the camp. It was a week before Harry Winthrop was able to report for duty, and I believe that more efficacious than all the doctor's stuff he took was the glorious news that Gordon Grey brought him one day that the Gov- Besides-" ernor of Michigan had signed his commis sion as Lieutenant.

"Eh, but, Harry," the exuberant lad said, as proud of his friend's good fortune as though it was his own, "you missed it after all. Think of it! The fellow you bowled over in the valley yonder was Mosby himself. Ah, such a chance lost! It is enough | no more. The words escaped me in the to make a man long to kick himself; but we'll hope for better luck next time, and, meanwhile we'll be content with the grade. "And, say," he added, with a grin, "now that you have your stripes I guess I shall be obliged to be a little more respectful, so if you see this child getting a little too cheeky you can just pull him up with a rush. Tata, old boy, I'm off to evening stables."

CHAPTER III.

Amid the stirring scenes of 62 there was not much time for a cavalry man to indulge in romance, but Harry Winthrop found an opportunity to make a brief excursion to the spot where he had been struck down by the unseen foe, for he could not disabuse his mind of the belief that Kate Frobisham's presence had been a reality and not the phantasy of delirium, as Gordon Grey had maintained so stubbornly.

Ah, yes, caught upon a thorn on a bush close by, fluttered a dainty little handker chief, stained and torn; but, when he read the initials K. F. on its corner, more precious to him than the costliest one the peasants of Belgium ever wove on their swan's-down pillows, he was sure of it.

So Kate was there after all, and this was the mute witness that her love for him was not dead: else, why had he been so tenderly treated, if her intercessions had not prevailed? Night and day with a lover's fervor he wore the dear relic next his heart through many a month of wild adventure.

"You look fresh as a two-year-old colt, sir," said the incorrigible lad.

"Any news, Grey?" Winthrop asked, as he flung himself from the saddle. "News! I should think so! The best of news. Fighting Joe Hooker has licked the | Colonel and tell him all." Rebs at Williamsburg and pursued Johnston to within seven miles of Richmond."

"That is grand, indeed." "Ah, but I've a better story to tell you than that. Stonewall Jackson and Ewell are comming up the valley in force, and we'll see some real fun before the snow "That threatens Washington," said

Harry, gravely. "I see Johnston's move; he is doing this to save Richmond." And it happened as Harry thought it would. Jackson's raid turned the tide of Though Fremont brought him to bay at Cross Keys, and Shields hurled his forces against him at Port Republic, he succeeded in raising the siege of Richmond, capturing or destroying immense stores, and retiring after burning the bridges, while Gordon Grey had never a chance to

realize his wild areams of vengeance. Then came Lee's advance. McClellan met him, and there ensued the Seven Days Battles, with the final struggle on Malvern Hill, where the Confederate General received so bloody a check that the Union troops were allowed to retire undisturbed to Harrison's landing, and President Lincoln, notwithstanding the fact that Gordon Grey stood between Washington and the invading army, called for a levy of three hundred thousand men. Then Pope met Lee and Jackson at Bristoe's Station, and the army of the Potomac under McClellan, not re-enforcing him, he was compelled to face the entire Confederate forces on the old battle-field of Bull Run, when, over-

broke in confusion for Washington. On the 15th day of September, when the leaves of the trees were already beginning to be tinted with scarlet, Harry Winthrop party, feeling Lee's lines. The afternoon was well advanced, and the horses' heads had been turned towards the Union camp, when the young Lieutenant, thinking he heard the clatter of hoofs in the rear, halted his men and fell back to reconnoiter. They were on the Haggerstown pike, and every instant the sound became clearer. Suddenly it ceased, and Winthrop, moved by curiosity, trotted his horse to a bend in the gazetted as Lieutenant and Harry Win-

whelmed by numbers, his shattered troops



parter of a mile away he saw a substantial the high road, and a trooper's horse, tied by his bridle to the front gate, standing imat ently pawing the ground. To dismount and quietly approach was the work of a few minutes. Doubtiess the rider was in that house, and Harry was resolved to know what he wanted there; and, the better to secure that information, he hid, pistol in hand, behind a tree close to the garden liver your dispatches into the General's

Confederate officer and a girl stood in the porch. There was a hurried embrace, one long, passionate kiss, and the lady retired in-doors, while the rebel soldier hurried down the path to his charger; but hardly had he touched the horse's bridle than Har-

ry was upon him. "You are my prisoner," he cried, in a to-da hoarse whisper. "One word to alarm the inmates of that house and you are a dead The

"I wish I were," was the hot respo " for my visit here was a breach of discipline-but I could not help it-you saw the

provocation, and -" Harry's heart was full of sympathy for

you," he said; "but, nevertheless, you must

"It is not for the capture and its consequences that I care so much, but that dishonor should ever tarnish the name of Frobisham is -

"Frobisham! Did you say Frobisham?" Harry stammered. He saw in the youth's face the likeness to the girl he loved, and his heart melted with pity, for he knew that he must do his duty. "Have you a sister Kate? See, lad, is that her picture?" He drew from his breast a locket that he wore and showed it to the wondering South-

"It is my sister Kate, sure enough, I am her youngest brother; and you are"-"The man who once hoped to call her wife-Harry Winthrop."

"Harry Winthrop! Then, thank God, I the stern, sad, determined expression his captor wore, it died away to blank despair. "Oh, Winthrop," he pleaded, passionately, you are not going to hold me! It is not for my liberty I am begging, but for my honor. I was on an errand of duty, when ill-luck brought me to within a mile of this house, where lives the girl I love. I could he held the drooping form of his friend till sister, I implore you-" "To give my honor to save your disgrace;"

said Harry, bitterly. "Nay, who would know? While as for me detection is certain if you do not spare me.

The youth colored and paused.

" Well, besides!" " Did Kate hesitate to stand between you and Mosby's men? Oh, you prate of honor -you whose chivairy would buy a little cheap reputation at the cost of her brother's

good name and freedom! But, see; I plead



of Kate. It is a desecration to have used her name to invoke your mercy. I am your prisoner, sir; do with me what you will." "In God's name, go!" Harry Winthrop cried, lowering his pistol. "Her brother shall not plead with me in vain."

He did not return the warm pressure of the Southerner's hand, nor heed the vows of gratitude which dropped from his lips as To Gordon Grev's surprise he returned to he rode away, but stood with heaving chest, camp with the flush of health mantling his | overawed with the sense of neglected duty. blue envelope lying on the turf at his feet, addressed to General Jackson.

"A dispatch from Lee!" he muttered, as he picked it up. "This may make amends for my disgrace. I will carry it to my

But, though Harry spoke cheerfully, his heart sank when he stood before his commanding officer and in a shame-faced manner poured forth the story of his transgression, for Colonel Lichfield was not a man to condone a breach of discipline. But, while he was speaking, the superior officer was perusing the contents of the dispatch and doubtless never heard a tithe of his subal-

tern's confession. "Oh, yes, I see-a woman in the case, of course," he said, hurriedly. "I have hardly heard a word of your chapter of peccadillos, but if it is anything short of treason, Winthrop, you have brought your ransom in this sheet of paper. This is a prize worth capturing, no matter how you came by it."

'A prize, sir!" "Yes, of priceless value-Lee's whole line of march-and, by heaven, he's sent Jackson with twenty-five thousand men to crush Miles at Harper's Ferry. If we strike him now the day is ours. You shall take it yourself to General McClellan and tell

"Not how I came by it, sir?" "No-devil a bit he'll care how you got hold of it. Simply say you found it, and that I hope he will not forget the service

done to the State by one of my smartest of-The effect of Harry's luck was soon made manifest. In hot haste the Union troops poured into

the valley at South Mountain, and Lee fell suddenly back across Antietam creek. But all the next day McClellan lay inactive. In vain Lichfield awaited the order to attack, chafing under the fatal dilatoriness. And well he might, for by the dawn of the day after, when the Union troops advanced, Lee had summoned Jackson to his aid, and

troops against his lines, he held his own till darkness ended the bloody fight, and then retired across the Potomac Flushed with success, he crossed the river and entered Maryland, and McClellan, at

the head of the Army of the Potomac, started

though Burnside and Hooker hurled their

Good news reached the camp shortly after this, that Gordon Grey had been road which commanded a distant view. A | throp as Captain. The former bore his new honors with commendable modesty, simply remarking that he was only surprised that the home Government had not long before shown their appreciation of his valuable

> "Eh, but your mother, Grey," Winthrop said, chidingly, "she'll be a proud woman the day she hears of your promotion." "God bless her, she will!" was the soft response, as he strove in vain to hide the tear which glistened in his eye.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORMING OF FREDERICKSBURG. Winter was late that year, the sun shone on those Virginia hills with the warmth of a Northern Indian summer, though the the clear gray sky than an orderly summoned Harry Winthrop from his tent couch to repair to the headquarters of his commanding officer.

"I have sent for you, Winthrop," said Colonol Lichfield, gravely, "on a matter of life and death: for this dispatch must reach General Burnside, who has succeeded Mcse, with a garden in front reaching to | Clellan and now lies in front of Fredericks-

burg, within twenty-four hours.' "And you wish me to carry it, sir?" "I do. It is a service of no mean danger, which I dare not intrust to a younger soldier. You have sixty miles to ride over a hilly country with the woods full of the enemy. Be wary lad; do not needlessly run into danger, and above every thing, de-

" And start at o "Yes, without even an orderly. Say, are you well mounted?"

own hands."

"No better horse than mine in the regiment, Colonel," was the proud reply. "My father bred him from the best strain of the over the dead bodies in their ranks with Blue Grass lands of Kentucky."

to-day; so, now, be off, and luck go with

There is nothing so inspiriting to a soldier as being employed on special duty, with the conviction that he has been selected for it lay dead within a hundred yards of that as a compliment to his skill and daring. Accordingly Harry rode away with a light heart and a longing desire for further distinction, though occasionally thoughts of home would flit like shadows across the but it becomes soft so that it may be welded bright landscape of his present prospects. , to other iron in a heated state.

He could see his mother wipe her glasses and read the story of his rapid promcould fancy sister Nell's eyes sparkling with enthusiasm at the kind words the Michigan newspapers had used in describing a galant raid he had shared against Mosby's men, and he could hear the tremulous words

of his father: "My boy Harry!" The country through which he journeye was wild and romantic enough. As far as he could he avoided villages and crept along the rugged lanes of the endless woods, guided only by a pocket-compass and the never-failing instinct of locality which is essential to good soldiering. But these detours lengthened the journey sadly, and the long rest of mid-day beside a mountain stream had greatly delayed him, so that the shadows of night were closing over the short day, when he approached am saved!" A glad light spread itself on the the worst part of the road-a stony path young man's face as he spoke; but, seeing leading through a glen, whose frowning hills were clothed in somber trees.

A little to his left he saw twinkling a light in a cottage window. Should he press on in uncertainty trusting to his usual luck or seek information at the humble dwelling! Either alternative was fraught with danger. Suddenly the deep baying of a dog was heard and in a moment the cotnot resist the temptation of this brief in- tage door was opened and an old woman, terview. By all the love you ever bore my shading the light of a candle by her hand, peered into the darkness, while a mastiff bounded from her side in fierce fury down the slope to where his horse was standing.

A moment more and the crack of a rifle rang in the air, the hissing bullet snapped the branches of trees close to Harry's head. In front of him, up the dark road, he saw the glimmer of lights and heard angry voices. He turned to flee, but the road behind him was barred; for the tramp of horses' hoofs was coming in mad haste upon him. One chance alone lay open to m-to make a dash down the bed of a little stream, which lay between him and the cottage, and run the gauntlet of the men on the road above. The dog he sent howling homeward with a bullet in his leg, and then setting spurs to his horse, bounded over the bushes into the brook. It was a the overhanging brambles, now nearly flung from his saddle as the gallant beast half fell over some big bowlder, with the crash of bullets ringing round him, and threatening cries echoed on all sides, he reached at last a broad, open swamp, into whose black slime his charger's legs sunk knee-deep Here he thought he was comparatively safe and when he had got out of the shadows of the trees it was lighter, so that he could see something of the way he was going and, with a sigh of relief, he turned his horse's head away from the stream.

"Fo' de Lawd, boss, hol' hard or yo'll done gone be in dem quick-san's," cried a voice within a dozen yards of him, and the woolly head of a negro lad peered from a clump

Instantly Harry drew the bridle. "Which way, then, boy, to the Fredericksburg pike? Five dollars, if you will guide

He could see the lad's teeth gleaming in

"Clar to goodness, boss," he cried, dassent. De road am full of rebs.' "And the Union troops-have you seen

"Naw," was the unsatisfactory response 'Dere ain't none roun' dese parts." the uplands, and once more set his horse's

head toward Fredericksburg. Then night came on in pitchy darkness. Twice he escaped by a miracle the bullets of the enemy's pickets. Then the highway became impassable, and he was driven to skirt the fields and woods again. Thus the long night passed, wandering he knew not whither, but ever hoping to see the bivouac fires of his own people. To add to his distress rain fell in torrents, drenching him to the skin and chilling him so that he was obliged to walk on foot to stir the circulation in his numbed veins. Then he mounted a little hill, and in the

valley beneath saw lights flickering to and fro; he heard the hoarse challenge to sentries, and knew that he was on the verge of a camp-perhaps of Union men, but far more likely of the enemy.

Dazed with exhaustion he led his horse forward with a blind trust that he would be "Who goes there?" rang out a voice in a

"A friend," he called. "Advance friend and give the counter-

sign!" was the stern demand. But Harry's limbs refused to move. With a dull groan he sank to the earth-yes, this big, strong soldier lad-in as helpless a

swoon as ever stole the senses of a tender school-girl in an overheated ball-room. When he came to himself, he found that he was lying on an army cot, surrounded by a group of a dozen men in Federal uni-

"Where am I?" "Among friends, glory be to God!" an swered a cheery voice; "an' av ye'll just be quiet while I'm after pouring this steaming glass of punch down your throat-for which I've lied to the surgeon like a Com-

missary Gineral, the Lord forgive meyou'll be as right as ninepence in no time at all, at all." The hot, strong spirits nearly took his breath away, but it brought the color back

"Tell me where I am?" he said, in stronger "You're just wid the flower of the Union army, darlin'-wid Meagher's Irish brigade; so shut your eyes an' go to sleep wid a quiet

conscience, an' thank God for the good comp'ny ye've fallen among." "I do, indeed I do, my brave fellow, but

my dispatches-" "Are already in the hands of General Burnside," said a tall, weather-beaten officer, who entered the tent at this moment, before whom the kind-hearted soldiers withdrew with respectful obeisance.

So Harry slept. In the morning when he awoke the sun was well on the horizon. The tent was empty. Beside his cot lay an infantryman's uniform, which some kind hand had put there to replace his own bedraggled clothes, which had doubtless been taken some where to dry, and on a box a can of cold tea and some bread and meat. He ate and drank, dressed and rose refreshed.

A beautiful panorama met his view as he stepped from the tent into the open. Before him lay the River Rappahannock, and on a hill beyond the town of Fredericksburg. nights were crisp and cold. The dawn of He saw the dense masses of the Union the 12th of December had hardly broken in troops crossing pontoon bridges in long gray lines; he saw the Confederates swarmheights above were crowned with artillery; and he burned to have a share in the glory of the impending battle. At any rate he could not stand still and look on, so he hurried down to the bank of the river. He had hardly reached the spot than General Burnside and his staff pressed by him. Taking the smallest detail in at a glance, he turned to Harry and said in sharp, severe tones: "You, sir! Why are you not with your regiment? Forward, at the double quick!" The die was cast. Harry fought that day

at Fredericksburg. Never in the history of war was more noble devotion nor more pitiable carnage seen. Again and again the Union troops hurled themselves against that terrible forked lightning of a thunder-cloud, the cannons belched their fury on them. Still they fought and fell, and with wild cheers Meagher's unflinching Irishmen charged mad frenzy struggling for victory; but "Well, you will have to try his mettle from behind that fatal wall gleamed sheets of flame and crashed showers of bullets, till nature in mercy flung the black pail of night over the ghastly scene.

Of Meagher's gallant heroes, two-thirds stone wall at Fredericksburg. TO BE CONTINUED.

FOUR YEARS MORE.

Up Tar ff Agitation and Victory Will Be Ours in 1892. Those Democrats who are not cast down by a temporary defeat are coming to understand that the "educadefeat of President Cleveland was a great'success, regarded merely as an educational campaign. The Republican candidate was elected, but that was a mere legal technicality. The for Grover Cleveland and tariff reform; and in every State in the Union a larger Democratic vote was polled than | itself sufficient to dull the ambition of was ever before required to insure Democratic success. Besides this, the masses of the people were educated in economic questions more in a few months of President Cleveland's great tinued, will bear fruit in a Democratic more." The only trouble with the last campaign was that it began too late. President Chauncey F. Black, of the Democratic Society of Pennsylvania, truly says that "had the National Association of Democratic Clubs been even one year old instead of four months, New York and Indiana and the whole agricultural West

would have been for Democratic reve-

Federalist monopoly." The recent address of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs takes the same ground, and urges that there be only to his horse to find the way, torn by and explaining the Democratic position on the tariff question. "The association was formed and its members organized too late for the most effective campaign work during the past Presidential contest," says the address; "it failed to stem the tide of Republican misrepresentation and the effect of enormous sums of money handled by the most corrupt and efficient partisan organizations ever known in this country, but with all ica. our disadvantages success was barely missed. The great manufacturing States of New Jersey and Connecticut were carried. In New York and Indiana, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the working-men stood firmly by the Democracy, as may be seen by a careful examination of the returns from manufacturing centers. Where the people understood the real differerce between Republican plutocracy and Democratic equality their verdict was true. Had the active club organization of the Democracy permeated the agricultural districts as well Cleveland and Thurman would have had an electoral as well as a popular majority. The honest and intelligent farmers who suffer the most and gain the least from the present excess of taxation would have come forward in blocks of fifty to meet the mercenary and unpatriotic floaters in their blocks

> But the Democrats of the country are warned that success in 1892 will be no easy matter, and that the work of opposing truth to error must be begun at once and kept up unremittingly for four years. "We can not safely rely for a victory in the next Presidential election upon the twenty States which elected Tilden in 1876, and which elected Grover Cleveland in 1884. The admission of the Territories, to which each of the great parties has solemnly pledged itself, and the rearrangements consequent upon the next census in the representation and group of States, and will broaden grief in the end .- N. Y. World. the National contest. To win we will have to fight the whole field, from Maine to California, as hotly as New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and

Indiana were fought this year." The address concludes with the statement that "the Democratic party proposes to fight this entire field and upon the same issues as in the past campaign. They are the principles of Thomas Jefferson, the great and first preceptor of the principles of Democracy in this country, as well as of every true and enlightened Democrat who has lived since our birth as a Nation." And it urges the speedy formation of at least one Democratic club in every county of the United States, for the purpose of distributing tariff-reform literature and sending out

If even a small part of the work contemplated by the National Association of Democratic Clubs is performed, the addition of new Republican States like Dakota will have no terrors for the Democratic party. As this able Democratic document says, the party which has truth upon its side never fails of victory when the truth is once made known. - Boston Globe.

SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS.

President Cleveland's Commendable Views on Trusts and Monopolies. Our manufactures yield fortunes never dreamed of by the fathers of the Republic. constantly widening and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling

Our working-men * * will reasonably demand * * * cheaper means of living in their homes, with freedom for themselves and their children from the doom of perpetual servitude, and an open door to their ad-

The foregoing extracts from Presitext of a vicious, illogical Republican attack on the Chief Executive, and a

dency to "yield fortunes to our manu- cago Herald.

facturers never dreamed of by the

fathers of the Republic." Mr. Cleveland's second proposition that "the gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening." is beyond dispute. Under the existtional campaign" which ended in the ing methods of monopolistic combination, the industrious mechanic or laborer who has, by industry and frugality, succeeded in saving a small amount of capital, can not enter into competition with members of "trusts," votes-a plurality of them-were cast and in the nature of things he is compelled to work for others as long as he lives. Knowledge of this fact is in working-men and increase the multitude of the toiling poor.

The third proposition is the natural conclusion suggested by the selfevident truth of its two predecessors. campaign than they could have been Taxed for the benefit of organized capby ten years of discussion in any other ital, prevented by unholy combinaway. That education, if it is con- tions from becoming independent, something must soon be done to secure and tariff-reform victory in "four years | for the laboring classes the freedom enjoyed by their fathers. No reasonable man desires to rob the inventor or manufacturer of his legitimate profits, but every patriotic citizen should be broad enough in his views to denounce class-rule, whether it is exercised by capitalists or tradesunions.

Capital organized in the form of trusts and uncontrolled by legal renue reform instead of Republican or strictions is nothing more nor less than a mild form of anarchy, and has a tendency to breed Anarchists of the Most type. Mr. Cleveland has done well to call attention to this great political truth, and, by restoring to the mad ride. Almost dark as pitch, trusting | no cessation of the work of enforcing | public domain thousands of acres of lands granted to railroad schemers, has proved himself to be a man entitled to the respect of well-meaning citizens of every shade of political belief. He has during his term of office done nothing to arouse "the basest passions of our nature," as Republican scribblers assert. He has simply pointed out, in a dignified way, the dangers threatening the welfare of the country.-G. W. Weippiert, in Amer-

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

---Prominent Republicans have their photographs taken cabinet size now.-Pittsburgh Chronicle. -Mr. Blaine seems to be an elephant-we can scarcely call him

white-upon the hands of the new railroad President from Indianapolis. sists of those kinds of animals that are -Chicago Sentinel. -The first year of Harrison's in which they are kept and for the

partial eclipse of the sun, and the last making 500 or 600 pounds of beef are steam engine, but more than one is year of it will end with a total eclipse stock for some places, and the comof Harrison.-St. Louis Republic.

withdraw and start a little club of have a lot of common cows that I can their own. The Kilkenny cat per- sell readily for \$20 to \$30. My next formance is growing in interest. -N. | neighbor has a lot of pedigree Jersey Y. World.

having written the Sackville letter.

too honorable to reward such a trick. | might be the worst. In considering -Chicago Times. -Senator Riddleberger is a gentleman full of good intentions and bad methods. When he is sober his good intentions are balked by his partisanship, and when he is drunk they are

brought to naught by his incapacity. -Philadelphia Record. -No matter who first formulated the maxim that "Public Office is a Public Trust." Its truth is the main thing. And the men who act on Senof the present States, will change the ator Ingalls' idea that "public office is relative power of each single State a private snap" are sure to come to

-The Republican Senators are striving to fix duties upon a basis of combination prices and not with reference to the prices caused by that competition in the home market which they once described as the greatest blessing derived from a high tariff .-

N. Y. Times. --- If the high protectionists think that the friends of tariff reform are downcast by the defeat of November they are mightily mistaken, and they have only to look about them to prove that fact. The tariff reformers have never for a moment lost heart, and, to tell the truth, they have redoubled their efforts .-- Omaha Herald.

-John Wanamaker is desperately mad because some folk are sneering at his candidacy for the Postmaster-Generalship. He said to Colonel New the other day: "I'll do as well as Vilas or Dickinson or Hatten or Gresham or any of 'em has done before me; there isn't one of 'em that ever had enough practicability to cut out a coat or to press a pair of pants.-Chi-

cago Naws. Republican Fine-Workers.

The complaint of Funk & Wagnalls,

publishers of the Prohibition organ

called the Voice, charges upon Quay, Clarkson and Dudley the theft of that journal's subscription lists, for purposes of the recent campaign. The exposure covers nine columns of the Voice, and alleges that Dudley, Clarkson and Quay bribed employes of the Voice with money, and promised them positions under the Government if Harrison should win. These allegations, if brought home, would have two good effects. It is well, in the first place, that many proofs of Dudley's villainy should be forthcoming dent Cleveland's message form the in order that the people should abandon the idea that Dudley is persecuted for political reasons. He has been a presumptuous insult to thoughtful rogue since 1880, and the hypocrites men of every shade of political belief. of the Republican party, like Har-The propositions submitted by the rison, Sherman, Hoar, Boutwell and President are based on conditions as the whole canting tribe, have honored they exist to-day in all portions of the him for it. The more valiant he grew country. Monopolies, assisted by the as a briber and suborner the farther of the former that is described by the last a briber and suborner the farther of the former that is described by the last a briber and suborner the farther of the farther of the former that is described by the last a briber and suborner the farther of the farthe Government, which levies taxes for back he walked into the council chamtheir benefit in the shape of so-called bers of the party whose corruption protective tariffs, are everywhere funds he disbursed. It is well, in the uniting their interests in the form of second place, that the gap should "trusts" and other unholy combines; widen between the Republican and production is reduced, not to meet the Prohibition parties. If the Voice wants of a competitive market, but to should convict Quay, Clarkson and increase the profits of manufacturers; Dudley of the crime now charged it and, following closely upon the elec- would be difficult for the bribers to tion of Mr. Harrison, comes the news stay in authority for more than one of the suspension of cotton-mills and term. The corruption which has set mining industries in the Eastern and in is too gross and palpable to be tol-Middle States. Every step taken in erated for the twenty years of which recent years has, in fact, had a ten- Republican bards are singing .- Chi-

AGRICULTURAL GOSSIP.

Readable Comments on Three Important Farm Topics.

Much has been said in regard to the feeding of cattle and the various ways of preparing food. But mischief is done by leaving out of the question the differences in the various conditions doubt grinding grain is economical for cows and for a house-reared steer which is fed for a farmer's domestic and of tying up the animals in stalls eats up the profit, especially now that were never seen before. - Puck. stock are so low in price. I am feeding a number of beeves, both young and mature, and I have found that unhusked corn is better liked by the stock and is more economical feeding than meal. The cattle eat more, digest the food better, make more growth, and are easily managed. Even yearlings do better upon this cheap The question of open-air feeding as

compared with tight and warm barns is another which has two sides. Last year I fed twenty head of cattle in a lot by themselves through the winter on hay, with a small quantity of ear corn. They were never under a roof, and have ranged in a wood all summer. A few weeks ago I brought has ventured only to the limits of his three steers of this lot into a comfortable barn, and put them in stalls to be fattened. They all lost appetite, became restless, and lost weight rapidly, and after a month's trial they were turned out again. The habits of the cattle and several other circumstances must be considered before the feeder animal tied in a barn at a temperature | than one. - Charles A. Dickey. of forty degrees will be very much colder than one in the open air in a sheltered lot at twenty degrees lower temperature.

Another very common impression prevailing among those who write for We can make just what we like of our the instruction of farmers, but which is opposed to the experience of some is that "good stock is always salable." What is good stock? Generally it is only of the bright, happy parts of life supposed to be the pure-bred or crosses | we will find just what we are looking of it, and which are consequently cost- for.—Rural New Yorker. ly. But more truly, good stock conthe best suited for the circumstances -The Sherman men in the For- beef at any time are often more profitaker club at Columbus, O., propose to able than the most costly Jerseys. I cows which cost him an average of Osgoodby, wants "recognition" for for \$20 each. It is clear that I have the best stock for the locality and cir-It is to be hoped General Harrison is cumstances, although elsewhere it all such questions it must not be forgotten that circumstances alter cases always.-N. Y. Times.

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

The Golden Rod as the Floral Emblem of

florists and poets that of all the wilddistinction of being selected as the

symbol of our nationality. The fuchsia has always impressed us with all its grace of form and beauty of color, it has an unfortunate habit of hanging its pretty head down toward the ground, as if it were either afraid was crowned in 1868 and was married or ashamed of something, and neither at the age of seventeen in 1869. causeless fear nor causeless shame is a characteristic of the United States or

And perhaps it will be as easy for erences upon the golden-rod as upon any other flower. The May-flower is jected to because of its modesty and cially beautiful, but it is a familiar friend; every body knows it when he sees it, and nobody that we are aware of has any thing against it-no prejuproudly upright, like a plumed knight; withstands wind and storm right brave-

ly, and bows its yellow head in dignified courtesy to all the world. The golden-rod is a genuine American, and as such, if it is destined to the post of honor, let us bid it welcome. The office-seeking politician pect nor pretension—the golden-rod? Frank G. Carpenter, in Chicago Times. -Chicago Journal.

How He Lost Time.

Pedestrian-B-b-boy, can you t-t-tell me how f-f-far it is to the po-po-post-

office? Newsboy-What d'ye say, mister? Pedestrian - I - I-reckon you - you heard me. How f-f-far is it to the popost-office?

Newsboy-Only half a block, mister. If you hadn't a stopped to ask me you'd a been there a'ready.--Life.

PITH AND POINT.

-A hesitating, vacillating man never dies with any celerity, because it takes him so long to come to a conclusion. —Texas Siftings.

-The man who prays that God will make him honest in his business transunder which cattle are fed. In some actions needs watching. He may cases one way may be the best that forget to pray once in awhile. We would be the worst in others. No don't pray for that which we have .-Martha's Vineyard Herald.

-Some men are like silk hats. So long as they battle against the wind supply of meat. But when a number of they are smooth enough; but with the cattle are fed the labor of feeding meal | breeze of fortune at their backs a thousand rough places bristle up that

-It is not the least advantage of riendship that by communicating our thoughts to another we render them distinct to ourselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrow and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation. - N. Y. Ledger. -Whatever amuses serves to kill

time, to lull the faculties and to banish reflection. Whatever entertains usually awakens the understanding or gratifies the fancy. Whatever diverts is lively in its nature, and sometimes tumultuous in its effects. - Crabb. -The responsibilities of life are

gauged not by what we are, but by what we may become. The man who conscious force has only reached the threshold of his possible attainments. -F. G. Clark.

-An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon can profitably adopt new methods or grow into a sweeping fire, that will apply what are known as scientific melt the chains of human friendship, practices. And as regards the matter | that will burn to ashes many cherished of warmth, it is unquestionable that an hopes, and blacken more fair names

-At least seventy per cent. of the croubles we meet with in ordinary life are imaginary. That is the difficulties seen worse and worse as we ponder over them and try to see how bad they are. every-day life. If we look for the disagreeable features we'll get them multiplied a dozen times. If we think

-In the employment of men, that class of labor that is purely mental commands higher price than does that four-year administration began with a purposes of the owners. Scrub cattle wanted. One brain may design a among brain workers experience and originality are factors of success. Neither can we gauge a man's worthcommercially speaking-by lapse of time, for one man with frosty locks may have traveled a shorter distance along the highway of observation than -Now Mr. Murchison, alias \$200 each. He is vainly offering calves his neighbor with half his years. American Engineer.

JAPAN'S SOVEREIGN.

The Mikado's Ancestry, His Personal Ap-

The Mikado has the bluest blood of any ruler on the face of the earth. The present dynasty of Japan runs back to the gods and His Imperial Majesty is the 121st Emperor of Japan. The Japanese have their history and their Boston and vicinity, where so many mythology, and the present Emperor wise and good people reside, are agi- comes from Jimmu Tenno, who was the tating the question of selecting a Na- first Mikado, and who ruled Japan 660 tional flower-a floral emblem of the years before Christ was born. This American Republic. Science seems to man was a descendant of the sun godfavor the high-standing, graceful gold- dess, and Mutsuhito, the present Emen-rod, of hardy growth and artistic peror, traces his descent directly from plumage. It is agreed by botanists, him. Japanese history gives the story of each of the 120 Emperors between flowers, the golden-rod comes nearer the two, and if you will think a moment to being peculiarly indigenous to this you will see how far back 660 B. C. is. country and to being ubiquitous in all | This was before Rome had become an the States than any other, and that it empire. England was unknown even is, therefore, entitled to the honorable to the Romans, and hundreds of years were yet to elapse before Cæsar penetrated Gaul. The. present Emperor was born at Kiota, as "the daisy" of all the flowers, but, November 3, 1852. He was declared heir-apparent to the throne when he was eight years old, and he succeeded on the death of his father in 1867. He

His Imperial Majesty is now thirtyeight years old. Let me tell you how he looks. He is taller than the average Japanese and his appearance is our people to concentrate their pref- not half as imposing now as when he wore the rich Japanese costumes and sat cross-legged on his mats of state. entitled to consideration, but it is ob- He has a dark brown cafe-au-lait complexion and his eyes, which look out shadiness. The golden-rod is lacking through almond slits, are of a brillin fragrance, it is true, and is not spe- lant black. His bair is very thick and he parts it in European style. It is combed well up from a good forehead and His Majesty's eye-brows have the decided arch which is indicadice, no grudge, no malice. It stands tive of Japanese beauty. His nose is large and inclined to flatness. It has it comes in late, and is in no great the wide nostrils of the Japanese and hurry to leave after getting here; it | His Majesty's lips are thick. He is of medium size, but is inclined to stoop, which I imagine may come from the earlier part of his life having been spent in sitting upon the floor. He wears a mustache and chin whiskers and these, like those of most of his race, are thin. The Court Chambermay "put up his lightning-rod;" the lain tells me that for the past sixteen schoolmaster may "have a rod in years he has worn nothing but Europepickle" for the unruly small boy in his an clothes, and has to a large extent jurisdiction; and the magician may adopted European ways. His dress with his diving-rod attempt to "call is that of a General of the spirits from the vasty deep," but give army, and he takes great pride to Yankeedom the golden-rod as the in military matters. He reviews floral symbol of its dignity, grace and his troops several times a year and is hardihood. If not, why not? Oscar thoroughly up in the organization of Wilde has immortalized the sun-flower his armies. When he goes out to ride as the mark of the dude. Why can he is always accompanied by his imnot those of us who are not dudes set perial guards, and he has lately pura flower that is dudish neither in as- which are the wonder of Tokio.

Misplaced Sympathy.

Citizen-Why are you in this condi-

Tramp-It is not long to tell, sir. I can't live with my wife. Citizen (filled with sympathy because he has just had a quarrel with his own)—Poor man! I deeply feel for you. Here's a quarter. Tell me why

you can't live with your wife. "Because she won't support me. Ta, ta!"-N. Y. Weekly.